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MIDLAND FURNISHING CO., LTD.

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

No. 1,386.—ONE PENNY. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

LONDON, SUNDAY, MAY 3, 1908.

Publishing Offices.

WILFORD LANE, ARUNDEL STREET.

Ask for
NICHOLSON'S DRYGIN
The
Purest Spirit Made.

BOURNEMOUTH TRAM DISASTER.

TERRIBLE RUSH DOWN HILL TO DEATH.

SEVEN KILLED AND MANY INJURED.

One of the very worst tramway disasters on record occurred at Bournemouth on Friday night, as a result of which seven persons were killed and 10 were seriously injured. The electric car, one of the large Corporation vehicles, capable of holding 60 passengers, was proceeding from



MR. W. MORGAN, who had a miraculous escape from death.

Westbourne through the centre of Bournemouth, to Christchurch, and when at the top of Poole Hill, where a steep incline commences, and where the driving power changes from the overhead wires to the conduit system, it was noticed that the car was going much faster than usual. The car failed to pull up at the statutory stopping-place, and went round the bend and across the Triangle at a rapid rate. On turning into Avenue, the vehicle was seen to be running on the wheels of one side, and some passengers jumped off. A little farther on the car left the rails, and, swerving to the left, dashed through the railings of the grounds of a house called Fairlight Glen. Here there was a drop of from 15ft. to 20ft., and the car dashed over the bank, completely overturning into the garden below, which immediately abuts on the Central Pleasure Grounds.

NAMES OF VICTIMS.

KILLED.
Mrs. Ruth Flory, Sea View, Alexandra-rd., Upper Parkstone, near Bournemouth.
Mr. W. S. Mackenzie, Barmole, Crescent-rd., Upper Parkstone.
Miss Sophie Butler, Spring Vale, Lansdowne-rd., Bournemouth.
Mrs. Newman, 45, Southcoast-rd., Bournemouth.
Mr. and Mrs. Thoms, 70, The Avenue, Beckenham.
Mr. Cecil Adams, visitor at Imperial Hotel, Bournemouth.

INJURED.

The injured in Bournemouth Hospital are progressing satisfactorily, with the exception of the young man, Geo. Cole, of Poole, who is suffering from a fractured skull and internal injuries, and whose case is very serious. The other injured persons at the hospital are:—

Mrs. Rose Riggs, 26, of Spring-rd., Bournemouth, bad injury to head and fractured leg.
Her baby, aged 18 months, also suffering from injury to head.
Miss Mary Stone, 34, address unknown—injuries to head.
Miss Bessie Stone, aged 32, of Tintagel, Longfleet-rd., Poole—suffering from concussion.
Miss Edith Tilly, 29, of Sandford, near Wareham—injuries to chest and general shock.

Another of the injured is Mrs. Wintle, of Parkstone, who is unconscious, and is suffering from fractured thigh at a private nursing home. Several other passengers in the ill-fated car are stated to be suffering from minor injuries at their homes. Among these are: Misses Alice and Elizabeth Herman, staying at Westbourne Hotel, Bournemouth, bad cuts and shock; Miss Wright, of Parkstone, shock; Mr. P. B. Ironside Bax, of Bournemouth, contusion and cuts; Mr. Geo. Chapman, of Ryde, cuts.

A Terrible Scene.

When the car finally fell there were nearly 30 passengers aboard, some inside and some outside—mostly the latter, and the vehicle, in turning over, fell on some of those who had been on top. The scene was a terrible one, and the shrieks of the injured passengers terrified people who had witnessed the disaster. Ambulance parties and other rescuers, headed by the Mayor, Mr. G. E. Bridges, were on the spot, and as promptly as possible the dead and injured were extricated. Some of the passengers on the top of the car were hurled great distances, and those inside were dashed about with terrific force.

Hanging in the Trees.

In its plunge down into the garden the car crashed through the trees, against which some of the passengers were dashed with great violence.

Some of the injured were found hanging in the branches. Four dead bodies were carried into Fairlight Glen, and three persons died on the way to the hospital. The driver of the car, a man named Wilton, and the conductor, Finch, who both stuck to their posts, were badly shaken, but not seriously injured. It is believed that the brake of the car must have failed to act at the top of the hill, but so far it has been impossible to properly examine the vehicle, which still lies in the position in which it fell.

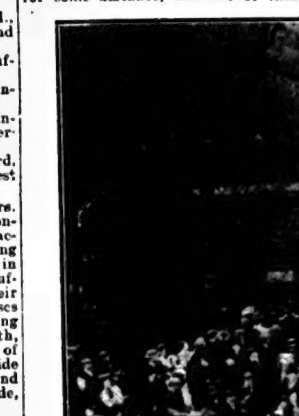
Nearly Cut in Two.

Another account says:—The place where the accident happened is on a gradual winding descent leading from what is known as Poole Hill to the Square. At the top of the hill nearly opposite St. Michael's Church, the current is transferred from the trolley system to the underground conduit system. Immediately after the restart on this latter system it was noticed that something had gone wrong, and the car dashed round the turn into the Triangle, the driver in vain trying to pull up. It ran past the Board of Trade compulsory stopping place before the turn of the road, and another compulsory stopping place at the corner of Avenue-rd., and still on the downward curve it shot along for about 200 yards farther, when it left the rails and jumped the footpath into the garden



Scene of the disaster. The illustration shows the sharp turn where the car shot over into the garden of Fairlight Glen, a large residence situated on the sloping line, at the corner of the bend. The garden is shut off by a large awning which has been put up.

below, leaving the plough broken off in the conduit slot. The scene then baffled description. The car passed in its fall between two trees and overturned, crashing down on to the lawn of Fairlight Glen. One of the passengers—Mr. Cecil Adams—was caught between the trolley standard and a tree and killed instantly, being almost cut in two. Others were pitched for some distance, and two of these



The crowd of sightseers in the garden of Fairlight Glen. The ill-fated car can be seen lying on its side.

terday afternoon, and together with the borough engineer, Mr. F. W. Watney, and the traffic manager, Mr. Cecil Barber, proceeded to inspect the scene of the accident and the overturned car. The official inquiry, and probably the inquest also, will open to-morrow.

had been 40 years in the service of the bank, some 14 of which had been spent at the Holborn Branch.

A Wonderful Escape.

One passenger, a Mr. Wm. Morgan, traveller, of 28, Rushey-green, Catford, had a most miraculous escape. He was riding on top of the car, reading a paper, and had no idea of the impending disaster until he found himself hurled through the air—to use his own expression, "as if shot from a catapult," and found himself landed on his feet still holding a bag of jewellery that he was carrying and the paper he was reading in his hands. Not until he had drunk a tumbler of brandy did he fully realise the danger he had been in. He then returned to the scene of the accident and rendered aid to the injured.

The Driver and the Conductor.
At a special meeting of the Bournemouth Town Council yesterday, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing the deepest sympathy with the friends of those who lost their lives in the disaster. Reference was

LICENSING BILL.

TO-MORROW'S DIVISION IN THE COMMONS.

To-morrow night in the House of Commons the division will be taken on the second reading of the Licensing Bill. Although nothing approaching a numerical defeat of the Government in the lobby is anticipated, there is dread in the Radical ranks that there will be so many abstentions amongst the Ministerialists that the measure which the Lords will be encouraged to make. Mr. Whiteley and his fellow Whips cannot speak decisively or confidently as to the numbers which the billers will have to announce to-morrow night when the division is taken on Mr. Cave's amendment. In the meantime, the following "whip," signed "George Whiteley," and heavily underlined, has been sent to the Government's supporters:

Most Important.
On Monday, May 4, about 3.30, a motion to suspend the 11 o'clock Rule will be moved, and a Division may be expected. The Debate on the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill will be concluded. The Division on the official Opposition amendment may be expected soon after 10 o'clock, and may be followed by a Division on the main question. Your presence and support of the Government Bill is most earnestly requested.

M.P. RESIGNING.

THE REPRESENTATION OF PEMBROKESHIRE.
Mr. Wyndford Phillips, Radical M.P. for Pembrokeshire, having intimated his desire to resign immediately, the executive of the Liberal Council met at Haverfordwest yesterday afternoon to select a candidate. Eight names were suggested, and these will be placed before the Liberal 300 next Saturday for final selection and adoption. A resolution was passed expressing desirability that the candidate should be a Pembrokeshire man.

MR. BALFOUR'S HEALTH.
A distinct improvement is reported in Mr. Balfour's condition, and it is hoped that in a day or two he will be sufficiently well to go out. There is, however, no prospect of his being able



to take part in the division on the second reading of the Licensing Bill to-morrow, and it is feared that he will be unable to be in his place in the House of Commons next week.

BOMBS IN INDIA.

OUTRAGE THAT COST THREE LIVES.

Details of a terrible bomb outrage, by which three persons have lost their lives, come from Calcutta. At Moufferpore a bomb charged with picric acid was thrown at a carriage in which Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, the wife and daughter of a Tirhoot barrister, were driving home from a club. Both ladies and the eye were fearfully wounded, and the carriage was wrecked. Miss Kennedy and the eye were speedily succumbed to their injuries, and Mrs. Kennedy has since died also. The bomb was thrown when the carriage was opposite the gate of the house of Mr. Kingsford, District Judge, and late President Magistrate in Calcutta, whose life has been frequently threatened in connection with last year's political riot trials.

Sensational Confession.
A Central News message from Calcutta yesterday states that a Bengali youth has been arrested at Moufferpore in connection with the outrage. The prisoner has made a full confession, and states that together with two other persons he had hatched the crime. They both came from Calcutta, and their intention, he stated, was to assassinate Mr. Kingsford, who until recently was magistrate in Calcutta, and was responsible for most of the sentences in the recent sedition cases. Mr. Kingsford ordered several native students to be flogged. It was only from the police that the assassin learned that he had made a mistake. The carriage into which the bomb was thrown was exactly similar in appearance to that of Mr. Kingsford, and when the outrage took place was opposite the gate of that gentleman's house.

A Widespread Conspiracy.
The police have now unearthed a widespread conspiracy to assassinate certain Government officials. The evidence that the plot was hatched in Calcutta, and clues are still being followed up. As a sequel to this discovery, a native shop was raided yesterday morning, and a number of funds of the most startling description were made, including six fully-charged bombs, of great explosive power, a quantity of cartridges and materials for the manufacture of the same, and a marked copy of an English illustrated paper containing a diagram of the manner in which King Carlos and the Crown Prince of Portugal were murdered. Numerous arrests have been made.

Extremist Leader Arrested.
Calcutta, Saturday (later). A house in the suburbs of Calcutta has been raided, and a number of bombs have been found, together with a quantity of dynamite and picric acid. Thirty arrests have been made in connection with the affair, one of the men arrested being Baidoo Ghose, editor of a vernacular newspaper, and a leader of the gang—Central News.

Numerous Arrests.
Calcutta, Saturday.—Before dawn this morning the police raided two houses in the city, and discovered large quantities of explosives in both, including stores of dynamite, picric acid fulminate, and detonators fitted to incomplete bombs. Twenty-three persons were arrested, and a quantity of correspondence was seized. It is difficult to obtain information as the police are very reticent, but it is believed that owing to information received another raid is expected, which is likely to be accompanied by more arrests and startling disclosures.—Reuter.

THE COMPENSATION ACT.
Important points under the Workmen's Compensation Act were decided at Marylebone County Court—Harold Hill, of Camera-sq., Chelsea, sought to recover compensation for the loss sustained by the death of his brother, who, while cleaning windows at the residence of Mr. Faithful Bogg at Notting Hill, slipped and died in hospital from his injuries. Plaintiff received from his brother 12s. a week—Sir Wm. Selfe, in giving judgment, said he thought from the evidence the deceased man had been so regularly employed by defendant as to take it out of the nature of "casual employment," and he therefore found for the applicant for three years' benefit at 12s. a week, which amounted to £193 odd.

LOCK-OUT BEGUN.

100,000 MEN AFFECTED IN SHIPBUILDING WAR.

Yesterday, following on the failure of the Board of Trade to effect a settlement of the north-east coast shipbuilding dispute, the Clyde shipbuilders locked out 6,000 workmen, the men refusing a reduction of wages. Other branches will, it is expected, soon be affected, and a complete cessation of the industry is more than probable. Such will be the effect of the lock-out that stoppages in other trades associated with shipbuilding will be inevitable, and it is estimated that close upon 100,000 men will be thrown out of employment. It is understood that the failure to reach a settlement has been brought about owing to the action of the men in refusing to follow the advice of the leaders of the Labour Party in the House of Commons.

Question of Arbitration.
The matters are understood not to be unwilling to join in establishing a Central Conciliation Board, but they say arbitration is not embraced in the present dispute. As the trade unions affected are not rich, the men locked out have a miserable time in prospect, whilst it cannot be long before the work of the other operatives in the shipbuilding yards comes to a standstill. The Clyde is not so much affected as the Clyde, where the men accepted a reduction. In view of the lock-out it is believed the Clyde men may request another national ballot on the direct issue for and against the reduction. There are only 300 shipwrights and joiners affected at Sunderland, and at Hull, Leith, Aberdeen, and Dundee there are fair numbers, and the men at Birkenhead and Barrow are also affected by the lock-out, but there will be no stoppage at the Irish ports, which are outside of the strike.

A Possible Solution.
An important meeting of district representatives of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers will be held at Newcastle early next week, at which a proposal is to be considered, and, if carried, will be submitted to the employers as a solution of the strike. It is considered highly probable that this will lead to a settlement of the work at Cammell Laird's shipbuilding yard. Birkenhead, owing to the lock-out. There were no scenes, and the men showed no inclination to make a demonstration. It is understood that joiners' work is slack at Birkenhead, and that the stoppage of the men is not regarded as being of great consequence. Locally it is thought that a settlement of the dispute might be looked for to-morrow.

Huge Funds.

The following shows the membership and funds of the principal societies involved:—

Society	Members	Funds
Engineers	110,000	£800,000
Boilermakers	55,000	£500,000
Shipwrights	20,000	£150,000
Steam Engine Makers	12,000	£80,000
Mechanics	4,500	£11,000

The annual report of the Boiler-makers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders' Society refers to the shipbuilding dispute at length. It urges that the unions in the shipbuilding and engineering industry should amalgamate where possible and beneficial, and also that the whole basis of the Shipbuilding and Engineering Federation should be altered so as to bring about the complete unity of its units. Such cohesion, it is contended, would lessen industrial struggles, for the strength of each side would be more equal, and the respect for each other would correspondingly increase.

Men and Masters' Profits.
Mr. G. V. Hines, M.P., secretary in his report to the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, issued yesterday, complains that the employers have full information of the men's side, while their own profits and prospects are sometimes represented in a biased way. However, among the men, he is in the present crisis, the employers have been to some extent responsible. The men in conference should be supplied with information as to prices, profits, and prospects. "It is a danger of disclosing secrets, he suggests, that accountants should report."

Carpenters Come Out.
The carpenters and joiners in the Colne Valley district yesterday came out on strike, their demand of an increase of pay from 24s. to 31s. having been refused by the employers. The latter object to the interference of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Union, to which only one-third of the men involved belong. The employers say they are not opposed to granting some increase, but they regard the men's demand as unreasonable, in view of the existing trade depression and the high cost of materials.

SIR A. MACDONNELL'S SUCCESSOR.
It was stated yesterday in the our Courts, Dublin, that in the probable event of Sir J. B. Dougherty succeeding Sir Antony Macdonnell as Under-Secretary for Ireland, the position of Assistant Under-Secretary would be filled by the appointment thereof of Sir F. Collman, C.B., Senior Principal Clerk in the Chief Secretary's office.

THE HOP DUMPING.

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION IN KENT.

A great demonstration of hop-pickers and other workers employed in the hop industry was held in Port Pitt Fields, Chatham. Resolutions were enthusiastically passed, calling upon the Government to put a duty of 40s. on foreign hops, and urging the Royal Commission to hold more frequent sittings to receive evidence, and to present their report at the earliest possible moment. Instances were given of recent extensive grubbing of hops in the neighbourhood of Rochester, and it was stated that some growers had been unable to sell last season's crops. The speaker



Mr. Justice Bull. What found with your hands in British pockets—Forty shillings fine.

caused a sensation by reading a letter from an American hop grower, offering to sell his next season's crop, as yet ungrubbed, to an English brewer for 35s. per cwt. There was an imposing procession through the streets of Rochester and Chatham, of wagons from the villages filled with people employed in the hop industry. All the conveyances were decorated with notices and inscriptions, and exhibited implements used in hop culture draped in crepe, as a sign of mourning for a decaying industry.

THE FULHAM TRAGEDY.

Yesterday, at the West London Police Court, Chas. Everard Fox, 35, a labourer, of Stopheldale-rd., Fulham, was charged on remand with wilfully murdering his child, Percy Neve Fox, aged 3½ years, by cutting his throat with a knife on the morning of April 25. Since prisoner's last appearance at the court a coroner's jury at an inquest on the body of the child had returned a verdict of wilful murder, and prisoner himself admitted at his trial that he killed the child in order "to punish his wife." No evidence was offered now, as the Treasury were not prepared to proceed with the case, and prisoner was further remanded.

FORECASTS OF THE WEATHER

FOR THE 24 HOURS ENDING MIDNIGHT (SUNDAY).

Region	Forecast
North-west or east-very windy, light or moderate, cloudy or drizzle generally, some rain, rather low temperature.	1. SCOTLAND, N.
North-east or variable winds, light, changeable, some rain, thunder locally, cooler inland.	2. ENGLAND, N.E.
Easterly or variable winds, light, changeable, some rain, thunder locally, cooler inland.	3. ENGLAND, E.
Easterly or north-easterly winds, light or moderate, unsettled, some rain, moderate or rather low temperature.	4. MIDLANDS & COASTS.
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler in most places.	5. ENGLAND, S. (London & Channel)
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	6. SCOTLAND, W.
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	7. ENGLAND, N.W. and N. Wales
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	8. ENGLAND, S.W. and S. Wales
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	9. IRELAND, N.
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	10. IRELAND, S.
Light variable winds, changeable, some rain, cooler inland.	11. W. CHANNEL AND BAY.

Rises 4.30 a.m. Moon 6.19 a.m. Sets 7.49 p.m. Sunrise 5.41 a.m. Lighting-up time for vehicles, 8.24 p.m.

TIDE TABLE FOR THE WEEK.

Location	High Water	Low Water
LONDON, LITTON, BROMLEY, HULL	3.28, 3.47, 0.43, 1.3, 8.52, 9.12, 7.51, 8.7	4.54, 4.24, 1.21, 1.39, 4.7, 4.7, 1.39, 4.7
SWANSEA, CARDIFF, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW	4.18, 5.30, 2.35, 2.50, 10.10, 9.10, 9.30, 10.0	6.04, 6.24, 3.19, 3.44, 11.17, 11.40, 12.10, 12.48
NEWCASTLE, LONDON, LITTON, BROMLEY, HULL	6.50, 7.19, 4.13, 4.47	7.51, 8.26, 5.25, 6.7, 0.43, 1.24, 11.10, 12.00

THE FEAST OF VENGEANCE

By KIT DEALTRY.

Author of "The Fatal Kiss," "Sin of Silence," "The Cipher Skull," etc.

CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

John Anderson came over from Bouleau early for the express purpose of interviewing Mrs. Despard.

The first person he met in the hotel was Anthony.

"We haven't made much progress since I saw you yesterday, I fear, Captain Aynescombe," he said regretfully.

"Still, we mustn't despair. To-day may bring forth a good deal."

Anthony's one idea, of course, was to prevent Anderson from seeing Mrs. Despard, and he had been looking out for the detective accordingly.

He drew him into one of the quiet corners of the palm lounge.

"I think I have hit on something, Mr. Anderson," he said. "In fact, I am almost certain."

"What have you found out?" asked the detective.

"Well—I can tell you the name of the man who was the last person known to have seen Sir Gavin on Wednesday night."

"Ah! And he—"

"Jacob Mosenbroke."

"What—you mean Mosenbroke, the moneylender?"

"Yes."

"How did you hear, Captain Aynescombe?"

Anthony hesitated. Then he plunged boldly.

"Mr. Anderson, I'll have to confide in you fully, I see. You remember, perhaps, hearing my friend Davis and myself discussing a certain Miss Despard in the train coming along?"

"Yes—Miss Despard was engaged to be married to Mr. Mosenbroke."

"That wasn't true, for the simple reason that Miss Despard is not Miss Despard. She is Mrs. Anthony Aynescombe."

"Your wife!" Anderson exclaimed.

"My wife," said the young officer in a low tone. "But wait, Mr. Anderson, we haven't come to the real point yet. Last night, on arriving, I naturally came at once to my wife, whom, for certain reasons, I needn't now explain, I married secretly. And it was she who—er—told me that she had seen Sir Gavin enter number 50 (which is Mosenbroke's room) soon after midnight on Wednesday."

Anderson glanced at Captain Aynescombe's pallid face narrowly.

"But I don't quite understand," he said, "why Miss Despard—er—Mrs. Aynescombe—didn't give this important piece of information at once to the police."

"Mr. Anderson, you may be able to understand it better when I tell you this. My unhappy wife has since disappeared."

"Disappeared!"

"Yes," said the young officer with a groan. "Between the hours of 10 and 12.30 last night she was carried off, and there is no doubt that Jacob Mosenbroke has taken her."

"Why—is Mosenbroke missing too?"

"He is."

"H'm—this is all very extraordinary, Captain Aynescombe," muttered the detective, puckering his brows.

"So now," added Anthony, eager to impress the point, "you may see why my wife did not give me information to the police. I firmly believe that this man exercised some evil power over her. Possibly he threatened her, so that she dared not speak."

Anderson nodded once or twice as he thought it out.

"That would explain it, of course," he admitted. "Then, tell me, Captain Aynescombe, what have you done?"

"Done! All that a man can do!" said Anthony with a despairing gesture. "The whole country is being searched. Mr. Anderson, it is known that Mosenbroke went off in a motor-car—a red car. It's the only clue we've got."

"A pause. Then Anderson said:—"

"And your wife told you she saw Sir Gavin go into Jacob Mosenbroke's room soon after midnight on Wednesday?"

"Though intended to deceive for the moment, it was true enough, reflected Anthony grimly. Dolores had seen Sir Gavin enter Jacob Mosenbroke's room; she had helped to carry the body in!"

"Well," said the Scotland Yard man rising, "it's very clear that we've got to find Jacob Mosenbroke, and for two reasons. However, in the meantime, I'll just run up and see Mrs. Despard."

"She can't see you—or anyone!" Anthony made haste to tell him. "Mrs. Despard is absolutely prostrated. Can you wonder, after what has happened to her daughter?"

"But—" began the other.

Anthony touched his arm.

"It's Mosenbroke you've got to find," he said in a quiet masterful way that won. "Leave my unfortunate mother-in-law alone for the present. She's had enough trouble."

"Right—what with the discovery of her daughter's secret marriage and then this fearful thing that has happened since!"

A few minutes later Anthony saw Mrs. Despard in her room.

"I just ran up to tell you that you won't be bothered by the Scotland Yard man," he announced. "It would never have done to let him come up. These men are as sharp as needles. They worm things out of you before you know where you are."

"Thank Heaven, you managed him!" said the woman, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes—if he'd found out even a shadow of what really happened," rejoined Anthony. "I don't think that the consequences might have been. As it is, you are safe for the time. Keep your door locked. See to one—but you know how careful you must be."

"What does the detective think?" asked Mrs. Despard anxiously.

"Anthony repeated what he had told John Anderson."

"It was a plausible enough story," he said. "And after all, there was no harm in it."

"Now, keep up your

spirits," he added, placing his strong young hand on her cold, trembling one. "Remember that I love Dolores with all my heart and soul, and that, with the exception of the more human necessity of food and sleep, I will never rest night or day until I have delivered her from the clutches of this scoundrel!"

"And—Sir Gavin?" she faltered.

"The answer to my guardian's fate," said Anthony, "lies on Jacob Mosenbroke's lips. Until we have found him, we can know nothing."

"You still think Sir Gavin is living?"

"Yes, I still think he is living. I still think that Jacob Mosenbroke can tell where he is," Anthony replied.

Then he hurried downstairs to see if anything fresh had transpired.

John Anderson was at the hotel entrance, making a note in his memorandum-book.

"Oh, Captain Aynescombe," he said, as he saw the young officer, "I was waiting for you. The news has come."

"Ah! And he—"

"Jacob Mosenbroke."

"What—you mean Mosenbroke, the moneylender?"

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"Right—what with the discovery of her daughter's secret marriage and then this fearful thing that has happened since!"

A few minutes later Anthony saw Mrs. Despard in her room.

"I just ran up to tell you that you won't be bothered by the Scotland Yard man," he announced. "It would never have done to let him come up. These men are as sharp as needles. They worm things out of you before you know where you are."

"Thank Heaven, you managed him!" said the woman, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes—if he'd found out even a shadow of what really happened," rejoined Anthony. "I don't think that the consequences might have been. As it is, you are safe for the time. Keep your door locked. See to one—but you know how careful you must be."

"What does the detective think?" asked Mrs. Despard anxiously.

"Anthony repeated what he had told John Anderson."

"It was a plausible enough story," he said. "And after all, there was no harm in it."

"Now, keep up your

truth from that man at the garage. He lied to me—anybody could see that! Mosenbroke had paid him to do so—er—er—er—"

The Scotland Yard man nodded. "I won't deny that money helps a good deal," he agreed.

"And I've got none! What little I had left went down in the Orana with the rest of my things."

"Wouldn't Mrs. Tregaskis—"

"Not the slightest use," interrupted Anthony. "Mrs. Tregaskis can have nothing to speak of. My guardian allowed her so much for the domestic up-keep of his houses, and that he paid her monthly. She has no means of her own."

"Are there no friends who would advance you something?"

Another bitter laugh from Anthony.

"Now that my marriage is known," he said, then shook his head. "No! Everybody is aware that my guardian disapproved of my acquaintance with the Despards, and that I shall be disinherited if Sir Gavin is still alive. And if he is dead, there is the risk that he may have warded his will accordingly. In these days, as you know, people don't take risks where money is concerned, and friends least of all!"

John Anderson gave a sympathetic glance at his companion.

"Hardened man of the world though he was, and accustomed to the nature of his work to view men and circumstances coolly, he could not help feeling sorry for Anthony."

Even those few hours seemed to have added years to the young officer's life. There were lines and furrows all over his face, and his eyes were bloodshot and strained from the lack of sufficient sleep.

"You mustn't look on the black side of things, Captain Aynescombe," the detective advised cheerily. "Try to remember that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. We shall get news soon, I feel sure."

"I am telling myself that all the time!" said Anthony. "Otherwise I'd go crazy. My God! but it's hard to forget that my life is in the hands of that scoundrel! When I come to think of what he may do—"

Anderson stopped him.

"Oh, come, come, this will never do! It won't help to imagine anything!"

"Then there's my guardian," said the young officer, as he tried to calm himself. "What has Mosenbroke done with him?"

"Captain Aynescombe," said the detective abruptly, "you are so very positive that Mosenbroke is responsible for Sir Gavin's disappearance. But what reason could Jacob Mosenbroke have for doing away with Sir Gavin Tregaskis?"

"I don't know," answered Anthony.

"You say that Sir Gavin went into Mosenbroke's room that night, and certainly I can find no one else who saw Sir Gavin after he left the Casino, except that the night porter at the hotel thinks Sir Gavin came there."

"My wife is positive," put in Anthony.

"And I admit that it looks suspicious for Mosenbroke. Still, a man must have some strong motive for getting rid of another—whether it be by murder or any other way—and what I want to know is, had Jacob Mosenbroke anything to gain by getting rid of Sir Gavin?"

The young officer made no reply.

"He hasn't told me all," the detective decided mentally, watching him as they walked along. "For some reason or other, he's hiding something—and that something is connected with his wife's mother. Well, I'll see Mrs. Despard as soon as I get back to Monte Carlo, but I'll say nothing to him about it in case he tries to prevent my getting at her."

"I suppose you know your guardian's history, more or less?" he inquired presently. "Was he ever in the colonies?"

"I believe he was," answered Anthony unwillingly—for he knew well enough what Anderson's cross-examining meant.

"What part?"

"Australia," was the laconic reply. "Australia, mused the Scotland Yard man, was the country from which the Despards had come."

"Was that many years ago?" he asked.

"Yes. Sir Gavin left the colonies when he came into his money about nineteen—oh, really, I can't say exactly when it was."

"Nineteen years ago, he was going to tell me," thought Anderson.

"What was Sir Gavin doing in Australia?" he questioned.

"I have no idea."

"He might have been married?" began the detective.

Anthony broke in almost fiercely. "For heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "don't let us discuss Sir Gavin's past history, Anderson. It won't help, and it worries me! I—I can't think of anything at the moment but my wife," he added in a quick tone of apology, as he noted an upraising of the detective's brows.

Anderson's belief in his theory was strengthened. His instincts seldom led him astray, and he did not doubt them now.

By this time the men had reached the Poste restante where Anderson expected a telegram to be awaiting him. He was not disappointed.

After he had read the message, he turned to Anthony.

"Captain Aynescombe," he said, "this is from one of my colleagues in Paris. Jacob Mosenbroke was in Paris at the Grand Hotel on Sunday. On Monday he went to the Bourse and sold out a quantity of stock. Also he withdrew a large sum of money he had deposited at the Dolin Bank, which he afterwards turned into English cash at one of the exchanges. So it is evident that he was even then preparing for this!"

"And you and I were in Paris on Monday," groaned Anderson. "If we had only dreamt of what was about to happen!"

"We could then have followed him up, and spoiled everything for him," remarked Anderson, with a faint smile. "But unfortunately, fate doesn't permit us to win our game so easily!"

He folded up the telegram and placed it in his pocket.

"Well, what's the next move?" asked the young officer.

Anderson looked at his watch.

"I'll run to two or three places—the police headquarters and so on—and then I think we'll get back to

Monte Carlo. Supposing I meet you in three-quarters of an hour at the station, Captain Aynescombe?"

"Very well—I'll have the car there," agreed Anthony. "Good luck, Anderson. I hope to God something will turn up before the day's out!"

Anderson nodded cheerfully and went off.

Anthony sauntered along the street, wondering what the end of it all would be.

The events of the past two weeks—his terrible experiences on the Orana, his guardian's disappearance, Mrs. Despard's pitiful confession, and, finally, the seizure of Dolores—had left a mark on his life which time could never obliterate.

Surely, he thought, at the hour of his particular birth the planets must have been in the bitterest of warfare! He had not even been permitted the love of a mother or father in the years when a boy needs it most.

True, Sir Gavin had been kind and generous to him, and Mrs. Tregaskis had done her best. But no one could take the place of his parents, and many a time had he yearned in vain for the sympathy they alone could give.

Then, again, he had been forced to cloak the most important event of his career in deceit—a circumstance which had caused him months of uneasiness and sorrow.

It had gone against the grain to marry Dolores secretly, and yet he

had not found courage to go away with his regiment and leave time to work out their happiness. But he had never ceased to regret that he had not made a stronger appeal to his guardian on the subject.

However, all that appeared a minor trouble now, compared with what had happened since, and he could only wonder now in agony whether he would ever see Dolores or Sir Gavin again.

Walking along in a miserable, aimless sort of fashion, he found himself in some gardens where a military band was playing. In the cool of the waning afternoon, a crowd had gathered to the spot. The benches were occupied and the palm-fringed paths were so full of promenaders that it was difficult to move along.

Anthony was in no mood for music or gaiety. He turned to retrace his steps.

As he swung round, a man sitting alone on one of the benches near the entrance to the gardens caught his attention.

He stopped and looked over at him again.

The man was leaning forward in a deeply thoughtful attitude, both hands pressed to the sides of his head. He wore no hat, and his hair was snow-white.

Something in the shape of that head

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give a good deal to be able to answer you. But I can't."

"You can't remember anything," he said. "I don't know it myself," was the strange rejoinder.

Anthony sat down by him quickly. "Tell me what you mean?" he said in a low, rapid tone, his heart beating fast with excitement. "How is it possible that you do not know your own name?"

The man put his hand to his head. "I can't remember anything," he said. "I think—I think I must have had an accident. People do lose their memories occasionally, don't they? Perhaps," he added, with a sudden eagerness, "perhaps you are a doctor, sir, and can help me."

"I am not a doctor, but I believe I can help you," returned Anthony, in an emotion catching the other's hand.

There was a pause. From the band came the strains of a Hungarian waltz—Anthony remembered it over afterwards.

"It seems strange, does it not," said the man slowly, his gaze wandering over the brilliantly-dressed crowd, to help him to find himself, yet that is what I am doing. These clothes," he added, touching the coarse material, "do not seem to belong to me. I mean—they are not in harmony with my tastes. I hear myself speaking—I seem to have a cultured voice and the manners of a gentleman. My hands, too, are white. I can't help feeling that I have been the victim of some untoward circumstance—more especially as there is a nasty cut on my forehead which pains me."

"But you cannot account for it?" said Anthony.

"I can account for nothing beyond the fact that last Friday evening I found myself asleep under a tree in these gardens, in these clothes; and that I have been wandering about ever since, living on charity, and—trying to remember!"

"And beyond Friday—"

[illegible]

Pt. 134 headed the list with 58, and next in order of merit came Pte. Lockwood 56, Corp. Serret 55, Warrant Officer 54, Pte. 53, Pte. 52, and Pte. 51. The Army sergeants were: Corp. 88, Pte. Chambers 87, Pte. Pavitt 86, Serret 85, Pte. 84, Pte. 83, Pte. 82, Pte. 81, Pte. 80, Pte. 79, Pte. 78, Pte. 77, Pte. 76, Pte. 75, Pte. 74, Pte. 73, Pte. 72, Pte. 71, Pte. 70, Pte. 69, Pte. 68, Pte. 67, Pte. 66, Pte. 65, Pte. 64, Pte. 63, Pte. 62, Pte. 61, Pte. 60, Pte. 59, Pte. 58, Pte. 57, Pte. 56, Pte. 55, Pte. 54, Pte. 53, Pte. 52, Pte. 51, Pte. 50, Pte. 49, Pte. 48, Pte. 47, Pte. 46, Pte. 45, Pte. 44, Pte. 43, Pte. 42, Pte. 41, Pte. 40, Pte. 39, Pte. 38, Pte. 37, Pte. 36, Pte. 35, Pte. 34, Pte. 33, Pte. 32, Pte. 31, Pte. 30, Pte. 29, Pte. 28, Pte. 27, Pte. 26, Pte. 25, Pte. 24, Pte. 23, Pte. 22, Pte. 21, Pte. 20, Pte. 19, Pte. 18, Pte. 17, Pte. 16, Pte. 15, Pte. 14, Pte. 13, Pte. 12, Pte. 11, Pte. 10, Pte. 9, Pte. 8, Pte. 7, Pte. 6, Pte. 5, Pte. 4, Pte. 3, Pte. 2, Pte. 1.

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